ACROSS THE PLAINS

Romance In the Life of the Pioneers of Forty Years Ago.

WHEN THE SIOUX WAS GOOD

Some Novelties In Hunting—The Thrilling Story of an Indian Girl's Love and Fate.

Written For the Sunday Standard.

The road from St. Joe ran up the south side of the Platte and crossed the South Fork of the river at Fort Laramie, that post being situatd at the point of the angle formed by the junction of the two forks of the river. Old Fort Laramie is about 500 miles from the Missouri river. Long before we reached the post we could see train after train on the south side of the river. They all appeared to be traveling faster than we were. Word was passed among our men that unless we hurried on the fellows on the other side would get to California ahead of us and swipe all the gold in the country before we got there. Then began the race to the Pacific coast nearly 1,800 miles distant. Those on the south side seemed to be carried away with the same idea, for they increased their speed as we increased ours. What worse than nonsense; what absurdity was this race! Property was destroyed, hopes were wrecked and lives lost in the insane struggle. But we knew no better.

A halt for one day was ordered and the command given to shorten up wagons and lighten their loads. This was done and hundreds of dollars worth of provisions, clothing and tools were left by the wayside. Laramie was reached and after much delay the ferryboat was brought around from the South Fork crossing and our wagons were taken across. The cattle swam over. The Black Hills were before us. The road over them was hard and flinty. The hoofs of our oxen were soft and spongy, having travelled so long on the yielding, muddy road on the Platte. But our Colonel didn't think of that. He was told at the fort that over a thousand wagons were ahead of us. A council was called and the conclusion reached that unless we could get in ahead of them our chances for gold were mighty poor. A few of the faint-hearted thought we had better turn back and go home. The killing of Rowe and the sight of the hunting party of Sioux had taken the courage out of them. But wiser counsels prevailed and the great race was resumed. The first day we made 25 miles. The second witnessed the destruction of "The Mutual Protection Mining Co., No. 1." Those with light wagons and light loads passed on, the heavier wagons lagged behind with foot-sore cattle and almost heart-broken men.

During the next ten days sights were witnessed never before seen by men. Worn out oxen were turned adrift upon barren hills to die. Carts were made of wagons and flour, bacon and barrels of sugar and other necessaries were thrown upon the roadside to be taken by any one who wanted them. No one would touch a thing but in turn unloaded their own wagons and joined in the mad rush to California. Thanks to the older heads in our mess we didn't part with a thing. We preserved the integrity of our outfit, took matters coolly, favored our stock, and beat the wildly reckless ones to the Sierra Nevadas.

Even at that early day stories of gold having been found at Pike's peak had reached Fort Laramie, but little or no credence was placed in them by immigrants. They were bound for California and nothing short of California or death would stop them. The race over the Black Hills had broken up many trains which left their starting point on the Missouri river with the expectation of keeping together to the end of their journey. New trains were now formed, composed of parts of old ones, for it was thought to be absolutely necessary to the safety of all that parties should unite for mutual protection—the larger the better.

But it was impossible for any body of men of considerable number to keep together. Quarrels and fights appeared to be the order of the time, and more men fell by the hands of whites than by the red man. If a man was naturally mean, or brutish, or murderous, life on the plains in those days developed all his worst passions. Many who were recognized as good neighbors and pretty fair Christians at their homes in the states, appeared to have changed their natures when they crossed the Missouri. There was no legal restraint upon their actions and they laughed at moral law. Life was held lightly by this class and hence hot words were often followed by blows or the plunging of a knife in the breast of an adversary. Happily, however, but comparatively few of that class of men crossed the plains in '49. As has been stated a large majority of them were the sons of western farmers, who knew but little of the ways of the world, and contented themselves in the quiet paths pursued by their fathers and mothers.

If the writer proposed to make this brief narrative a sensational story he would inject that in it which would destroy it as a true faithful account of a journey across a great unknown, waste of country nearly 50 years ago, cannot be reproduced or duplicated anywhere in America in this day and generation. Hence he will make no note of the quarrels, and fights, and murders which punctuated the route from the Missouri river to the Pacific, and hasten on his journey to Salt Lake—then known as the "Rest of the Saints."

The second crossing of the north fork of the Platte was accomplished in improvised boats made of two or three calked and tarred wagon beds lashed together. Our bedding, provisions, etc., and the running gear of the wagons were thus ferried over in pretty good shape. In fact every river between the Missouri and the Sacramento which we couldn't ford was crossed in this way, our stock swimming them. After leaving the Platte our route led across several bad alkali flats and lakes whose waters killed great numbers of cattle. We lost several, and not a few were reduced to one or two head of stock. These they packed with a few absolutely necessary things and their owners trudged along on foot.

The Sioux were a fine, noble looking tribe of Indians 45 years ago. The men were tall, straight, broad-shouldered, strong and active, while their women, notably the young ones, were queenly in form, bright-eyed, vivacious and many of them really beautiful. They fully answered to the descriptions, given by the novelists of that day, of the warrior lovers and their sweethearts—princesses and the daughters of chiefs, over whose loves and troubles and temporary separations the boys and girls of half a century ago were wont to draw long sighs or shed a tear or two. The "noble red man" had not then come into contact with western civilization and absorbed and emulated the vices of its representatives. They had a religion of their own which, though not built upon a strictly orthodox plan, recognized an independent and warlike spirit, temperance and gratitude as being among the cardinal virtues as virtue was measured by the savage heart.

We had abundant evidence of this a few days after the events recorded in last Sunday's Standard occurred. The train reached a point on the Platte beyond which for 200 miles no fuel could be obtained, so the train halted a day or two to gather a supply of wood and do a lot of baking and washing to do all hands for a time. This accomplished we moved on. At the first camping grounds we found ourselves in the midst of over a thousand Indian men, women and children, cutting up and jerking buffalo meat. At first our "colonel" didn't know whether it was best to turn around and run away or make a camp and get in fighting trim. While debating and sizing up the situation three very old and very grave looking Indians slowly and solemnly approached us. Though it was at the close of a very warm and sultry June day each of the dignified old chiefs wore a soldier's blue overcoat buttoned up to the chin and an officer's high hat—gifts from soldiers, and all pretty well battered up. The colonel advanced a few steps to meet them. With the politeness of a Chesterfield he doffed his hat and made a bow which would have made a French dancing master turn green with envy.

"Ugh," said the head chief, without moving a muscle of his face or relaxing in the least the dignity of his bearing. At the same time he drew from his overcoat an official looking paper which he handed to the colonel. By this time all the men had gathered in the immediate vicinity of the Indians who did not deign to cast even a passing glance at them. The colonel read aloud from the paper. In substance it was about as follows:

"To whom it may concern—You are hereby cautioned not to give the Indians whom you may meet any intoxicating liquors. If you do they may do you harm. JOHN C. FREMONT."

A second chief handed the following to the colonel, which he also read aloud:

"To emigrants, hunters and trappers—You are hereby commanded not to give, sell or trade any whiskey or other intoxicating liquors to the Sioux Indians. A violation of this order subjects the offender to arrest and imprisonment.

This paper was dated at Fort Laramie and signed by the then commandant of the post. The colonel told the chiefs, by signs, that there wasn't a drop of whiskey in the train. They understood and were satisfied, and one of them, drawing a pipe from the depth of an inside pocket, he made signs for all to sit down and smoke the pipe of peace. This was a revelation to all and particularly gratifying to three or four of our youngest boys, who were beckoned by the chiefs to their sides to join in the "big smoke."

And now followed the most novel, the most pleasing and most satisfactory features of this—to us—memorable occasion. Fresh, fat buffalo steaks were brought to the camp by the young Indian hunters and each mess was given a generous quantity. While the rich, savory meat was being prepared and eaten a half dozen or more young braves, equidistant from each other, marched in a circle around our camp, loading and firing their old muskets at regular intervals. This was done to assure us we were under their special care and that no harm should befall us. Our stock was turned out with the Indians horses and ponies and guarded by a detail of warriors. Our camp was also patrolled by them. We were guests of the most powerful and, at that time, the most peaceful tribe of Indians in the great American desert and if the whole tribe had since that day been treated with the same forbearance and consideration by the whites which those Sioux received at the hands of that weak and defenseless body of men, the writer firmly believes that all subsequent serious complications, hostile demonstrations and bloodshed with them would have been avoided.

The next day we witnessed an Indian buffalo hunt. The hunters had but few guns—not over half dozen or so, all their firearms being in the hands of the war party which killed the unfortunate Rowe, but they had the finest, strongest and most artistically finished bows and arrows owned by savages and they knew how to use them. Their horses understood their business and would run beside a buffalo until he fell, pierced by the arrows of the riders. The entire hunting party traveled with us for a week and kept us well supplied with the choicest of buffalo steaks. The evenings were spent in athletic sports with the young bucks. They could out-run us, but we could beat them at broad and high jumping, and lifting and throwing weights. And if the truth must be told the younger men of the train could beat them at the game of "hearts," with the fair young squaws. A handful of salt could purchase a beautifully worked pair of moccasins and a radiant smile from the handsomest of their bright-eyed damsels thrown in. But whether it was the salt or the curly locks and ruddy cheeks of the daring white youngsters which cheapened the beaded purses and foot gear will never be known. It is known, however, that many little keepsakes were surreptitiously passed from little brown hands into larger and whiter ones without the salt. The prudish reader will pardon us for appropriating and enjoying these innocent unbought favors, for it was the first oasis we struck in our long tedious journey across the Great American Desert. Many who left no girl behind them in the states reluctantly parted from their companions of a week, when the order was given to hurry onward.

The old Mormon trail or road from Kanesville to Salt Lake passed up the north side of the Platte river to old Fort Laramie where the north fork of the stream was crossed. From thence the road led over the Black Hills fifty miles to the mouth of Deer Creek where the North Fork of the Platte was recrossed. The Sweetwater was crossed at Independence rock. The route then led up the Sweetwater through the South pass of the Rockies; across Green river; over Ham's Fork, Bear and Webber rivers, leaving old Fort Bridger to the left, and thence through Echo canyon to Salt Lake city. The old road is probably grass-grown and forgotten by this time and may be regarded as a back number by the younger generation of men. But the fact is not forgotten that the pioneer who made the road and travelled over it opened the great west to civilization; that in blazing the trail for the iron horse they uncomplainingly braved dangers and endured hardships which no pen has or ever will adequately portray, and that though those who are alive to-day may have outlived their generation the imprint of their footsteps will never be grass-grown or obliterated. The forty-niner will never be a back number. He led in his day; he keeps abreast of the procession in the present. But we are ahead of the train and will return to it.

All early day travelers across the plains know Independence rock, at the crossing of the Swetwater river. It is the scene of many a tragic death, but the annals of plains traveling do not record one so pitiful, so heart-rending and so deplorable as the one we witnessed at this place. Independence rock is simply a huge granite shaft, probably 50 or 75 feet high and as many feet in diameter. Its face, next to the road, is almost smooth and perpendicular. Upon this face many who were ambitious to excel in daring had inscribed their names in large, bold letters, written with a stick and tar. A half dozen or more graves near by indicated that a few reckless ones had lost their balance upon this precarious footing and been dashed to death upon the rocks below. One of our youngsters determined to write his name above all others. With a tar bucket and a pointed stick in his hand he was about to start for the rock when an Indian maiden, mounted upon a panting, foaming pony, was seen approching our camp. The young man was among the first to see her. He looked, drew a quick breath, then dropped his bucket and ran toward her. She stopped, dismounted and ran to meet him.

"Zarilla."

"Jim."

That was all we heard, but the manifestations of love and devotion upon the part of the girl and the evident joy of Jim to see her were too apparent to be unobserved, even at our distance from the lovers, for lovers they were. Zarilla was the daughter of the chief who commanded the braves that murdered Rowe on the Loup fork and Jim had met and loved her during the few days we were with the hunting party of the tribe away back on the Platte. She returned his love with all the warmth of her wild, passionate nature and would let him go only when he had promised in the strongest of sign language, which she taught him, that he would soon return, take her to his bosom as his wife and cast his lot with her tribe.

But Zarilla's heart was taken away by Jim. The sun had lost its brightness and her eyes refused to see its glory. Her spirit chased the evening's shadows in search of her returning lover and wearily dropped at her feet from its fruitless quest. Zarilla's heart was lost; she must find it. One night she silently stole from her sleeping companions and, mounting her fleet, wiry little pony ran with the wind toward the setting sun. She found her heart at the foot of Independence rock, on the bank of the Sweetwater, when Jim clasped her to his bosom. She was a beautiful girl, tall and erect, with the front and bearing of a queen. Zarilla was an ideal Indian princess for whom others besides Jim would have laid down his life.

What they said will never be known, but Jim must have explained to her what he intended to do when he was interrupted by her sudden appearance, for both moved toward the rock. Jim picking up his bucket of tar on the way. Arriving at the foot of the great rock, he pointed upward evidently showing where he proposed to write her name beside his own. She looked, cast an approving smile upon him and dashed away. She soon returned with her lariat, taken from her pony's neck, and signed to Jim what he must do and what she intended to do. He understood. She then went around to the north side of the rock, from whence an ascent to its top could be made by mountain goats and wild Indian maidens. Before she appeared at its crest Jim had climbed from one projecting point to another as far as he could go without aid. At this moment Zarilla appeared above with her lariat in hand. Planting herself directly above her lover she lowered one end of the strong lariat until he could grasp it in his hand.

And now began his perilous ascent. Steadying himself by the small cord, which she firmly grasped and held, Jim slowly moved from one crag or indenture on the face of the precipitous rock to another until he stood far above the highest name inscribed upon it. He was at a dizzy height when he stopped to write. Shifting the cord to his left hand, which held the bucket, he took the rude pen in his hand and wrote:

ZARIL—

The name was never finished, for at this juncture he leaned so far from the perpendicular to write the remaining letters he lost his balance and, rather than drag down the poor girl with him, he let go the lariat and fell dashing upon the rocks below. Zarilla, no longer feeling the tension upon the rope, cast her eyes downward as her lover fell to his death. With one despairing cry and raising her hands toward heaven she plunged headlong over the cliff and fell a bruised and mutilated corpse beside her lover.

Time has not or never will efface the sight of those two young loving beings lying side by side in death. Though not united on earth, the thought that their spirits may wing their way in harmony above and taste that fullness of bliss denied them on earth, is soothing to the witnesses of their tragic death, if not exactly orthodox.

They were buried in one grave by a tearful, mourning body of men, from whom the roughness of plains life had not robbed of them of those softer and better sentiments which distinguish man from the brute. The next day we hastened to Salt Lake.

GOOD EFFECTS OF ANTITOXINE.

Its Use in Germany Followed By Most Beneficent Results.

Statistics showing the effect of the use of diphtheria antitoxine in the German cities of Halle and Altona were recently published, says the New York Times. Between Nov. 11, 1894, and Jan. 15 of this year, 114 cases were subjected to the serum treatment in Halle, and the reports come from 30 physicians. There were only nine deaths, or a majority of less than 8 per cent. Of 89 cases treated in private houses, six had a fatal termination, and there were three deaths out of the remaining 25 cases, which were treated in hospitals.

In a hospital at Altona, antitoxine was used in 63 cases between Sept. 1, 1894, and March 1, 1895. Eight of the patients died, so that the mortality was 12.69 per cent. In 31 of the 63 cases tracheotomy was required, but only three of these patients, or less than 10 per cent, succumbed to the disease. This is regarded as a remarkable record for a series of cases of this kind. The annual mortality from diphtheria during the preceding seven years had ranged from 29.23 to 37.27 per cent.

Easy Window Dressing.

From the New York Weekly.

Applicant—I see you advertise for a window dresser.

Dry Goods Merchant—Yes, sir. Have you had any experience?

Applicant—I arranged the window display in the store I worked in last, and every woman who passed stopped and looked in.

Dry Goods Merchant—That's something like. You're just the man we want. By the way, what line was your firm in?

Applicant—Mirrors.

The rumor that Della Fox had lost $65,000 worth of diamonds in Peoria caused a lively flutter in the plate glass trust for a while.—Chicago Dispatch.

THE CRITIC'S BENCH

How He Sizes Up the Recent Uncle Tom Problem.

EARLIER STAGE SUPPLIES

Time Was When Real Cigars and Wine Were Unknown Quantities—Between the Wings—Pertinent Pointers and Facts.

Butte, June 15.—Butte had a considerable diversion this week in the theatrical line. The remarkable performance given in a tent under the name of an "Uncle Tom's Cabin Show" was a diversion as violent as any one could wish. It was a diversion on the same order as the daring attempt to rob one of the city's banks by a lone highwayman a few days ago, the only real difference being that the Uncle Tom circus was more successful in getting away than the bank robber was. It required a vicious stretch of the imagination to recognize in Mr. Loyd's performance much of a resemblance to "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It was hard to tell which of the two was the most villainous in the play—Simon Lagree or the lawyer, Marks. The latter, however, was the most versatile actor as he could change with ease and rapidity from the character of a foxy lawyer to a stage hand and in the middle of a line step out to the "footlights" and reaching up turn them down so as to throw a proper shade effect on the villainy being perpetrated by Lagree at the back of the stage. Then Marks also showed his ability as an all around actor working the pine fagot light in front of the whole in heaven through which little Eva was seen at the round up of the greatest of all performances ever seen in Butte. Marks, however, was only one. All the other actors were equally as useful and fully as able.

When I was young and a habitue of behind the scenes, says G. A. Sala in the London Telegraph, rarely anything genuine in the way of eating and drinking was provided on the stage, the various retainers who were supposed to quaff beakers of red wine in the baronial hall only put their lips to their goblets—or, rather, pasteboard goblets endued with tinfoil—colored half way up with crimson paint. If a pot of porter was one of the "properties" in a scene, as it is in the old farce of "The Turnpike Gate," it was merely a pewter vessel with some wool at the top of it to simulate the froth of the Barclay and Perkins beneath; and if a sirloin of beef were wanted, the propertyman only supplied a pasteboard sham from orifices of which fumes of slaked lime were evolved to imitate the smoke from a hot joint. The only exception to this Barmecide system of entertainment was in the comic opera of "No Song, No Supper," in which a real boiled leg of mutton, turnips and caper sauce were always placed on the table.

But of late years a great change has taken place in this respect. Some authorities are of opinion that the reform in stage-play gastronomy dates from the time of the performance of Charles Kean and his company at Windsor Castle, in the presence of her majesty and the prince consort, and when in a play by Douglas Jerrold, where a dejuner a la fourchette was represented, the partakers thereof, were agreeably surprised to find on the table real cutlets, real potatoes, real bread and real claret. Gradually the unreal faded away from the stage of the London theaters. In "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," real eggs and bacon were served at breakfast; while at the supper in the first act veracious fruit and wine, with equally authentic black coffee, made their appearance.

It is not quite certain as to when the practice of smoking real cigars and cigarettes began to prevail on the stage. Many low comedians of the last century when they played "Moll Flagon" used to smoke a pipe, but there is no absolute evidence as to whether real tobacco was smoked by Tony Lumpkin and his companions to the tavern scene in "She Stoops to Conquer," while as regards the stage cigar one of the earliest appearances of the genuine weed were those smoked by the late Alfred Wigan and George Vining in "Still Waters Run Deep." Some actors never smoke at all in private life, notably J. L. Toole, and that admirable comedian in scenes where the business of the stage compels him to use a pipe, takes a few whiffs from a bowl containing dry camomiles.

At present it is difficult to find a drama of modern life without several cigarettes in it—the cigar takes too long in smoking—and that manager would be accounted a very stingy individual if he expected the ladies and gentlemen of his company to pretend to drink 5 o'clock tea from empty cups or trifle with paper bread and butter. With two exceptions, however—the harmless boiled potato and the raw turnip munched by Audrey in "As You Like It"—vegetables have not come down to the footlights; but the present is a progressive age, and ere long it may be that real turtle soup and a real haunch of venison will be placed on the hospitable boards of our temples of the drama.

It is difficult for one to believe, while watching Stuart Robson in boy parts, such as he nearly always plays, that he is 60 years of age, says an exchange. The actor attributes his good health and youthful appearance to the great amount of exercise he takes. He has a systematic course of walking and consumes several hours every day and covers many miles. In his home and at his hotel while traveling, he is never at ease, but with a cigar in his mouth strides up and down his room hour by hour. He does all of his thinking on foot, and much of his study of parts is done while walking through the rooms of his home or along the corridors of the hotel. When at rehearsal he never sits more than a minute at a time, jumping from this person to that, directing here, there and everywhere at the same time. Twelve cigars a day have much to do with his nervousness, perhaps, but his general health has not suffered in the least from the nicotine habit.

A New York letter says: A lady who occupied a box at the Columbus theater Friday night caused some amusement in the audience and confusion on the stage by insisting that each of the male members of the cast of "A Trip to Chinatown" should come up and take a rose from a big bouquet she was carrying every time they appeared. Manager Hammerstein went into the box and asked her to desist, but she refused to comply with his request. A policeman was then called, and the lady was escorted to a cab which was waiting for her at the door. No one knew her name.

Butte has been afflicted with many amateur operas and the people have grown less enthusiastic over them lately, but it must be said that the entertainments furnished the past week by the Butte Choral society were an agreeble and genuine surprise. They were so far superior to any amateur opera performance ever before given in Butte that there is no comparison. Several new voices were brought out and the operas on the whole were presented in a manner that would have been creditable to professional performers.

Melba is to wed Adamowsky, the talented young violinist, it is said. It is not known if the Austrian prima donna is to be a member of Abbey & Grau's company next season, but it is known that she has under consideration a proposition for a concert tour under the conduct of Mr Ellis, the Boston manager. If she should decide to adopt this plan, then Herr Adamowsky could just as well be a partner with the fair lady as not, and there is believed to be no doubt that he will be engaged.

A year ago, when Eddie Foy stopped working for other people he was the highest salaried actor on the American stage. The salary paid him was $17,000 a year. Francis Wilson's salary when he left the New York Casino is said to have been $600 a week, but he did not get it the year around. De Wolf Hopper, it is claimed, got $400 a week.

"Thrilby," the new burlesque brought out at the Garrick, New York, is an amusing production. Of course the hypnotic idea is put to the most extravagant use, and the demoniacal "Spaghetti" exercises his weird powers in preposterous fashion, working miracles upon everything and everybody.

Frohman's "Jane" company is on its way to the coast and will stop in Butte some time in July. The company will open the new house at Hamilton.

Mrs. Tom Thumb, a chestnut almost as old as the ark, had been booked in Butte for this coming week, but her manager could not risk a competition with a circus and the engagement was canceled.

It is stated that Harry B. Smith, the librettist of Reginald de Koven, was a police reporter in Chicago a few years ago, and that he now enjoys from his opera books an income of $30,000 a year.

"To get the greatest enjoyment from the piano," says Paderewski, "the music must not only be heard, but the performer should be seen. There is nothing I hate more than a listless, careless posture of the body while playing."

There are 241 academies of music in the United States and 363 grand opera houses in cities having over 8,000 population. Over 400 theaters in the United States are named after their proprietors.

The proceeds of the Couldock benefit are $5,359. The three trustees will pay it to Mr. Couldock at the rate of $25 a week, and if any is left at his death it will be devoted to the education of his grandchild.

No less than twenty opera companies will go out next season. The rage for musical shows gives no indications of abating.

Mme. Bandmann-Palmer, the Millicent Palmer of other days, is in London, and announces her intention of acting "Hamlet" there.

Lotta says she will never appear on the stage again, and that she intends to be remembered as an actress who never played a farewell engagement.

Gerald Du Maurier, son of the author and artist, George Du Maurier, is a promising member of the company at the Garrick, London.

Miss Maude Hoffman, who will play leading business with Fred Warde next season, made her debut in Boston two years ago as "Juliet."

Verdi, invited to write music for a poem celebrating Roman deliverance, replies that he never could write "to order" or "for occasion."

Ada Rehan's sister, Hatie Russell, has been engaged as leading support for Marie Wainwright.

Mary Anderson is writing a novel, which will shortly appear.

Theodore Thomas will spend the summer in Europe.

DIVISIBILITY OF TIME.

Calculations That Are Entirely Beyond Our Conception.

Napoleon, who knew the value of time, remarked that it was the quarter hours that won battles. The value of minutes has often been recognized, and any one watching a railway clerk handing out tickets and change during the last few minutes available must have been struck with how much could be done in those short portions of time.

At the appointed hour the train starts and by and by is carrying passengers at the rate of 60 miles an hour. In a second you are carried 29 yards. In one twenty-ninth of a second you pass over one yard. Now, one yard is quite an appreciable distance, but one twenty-ninth of a second is a period which cannot be appreciated.

Yet it is when we come to planetary and stellar motions that the notion of the infinite divisibility of time dawns upon us in a new light. It would seem that no portion of time, however microscopic, is unavailable. Nature can perform prodigies, not certainly in less than no time, but in portions of it so minute as to be altogether inconceivable.

The earth revolves on her axis in 24 hours. At the equator her circumference is 25,000 miles. Hence, in that part of the earth a person is being carried eastward at the rate of 509 yards per second. That is, he is moving over a yard whose length is conceivable in the period of one-five-hundred-and-ninth part of a second, of which we can have no conception at all.

But, more, the orbital motion of the earth around the sun causes the former to perform a revolution of nearly 600,000,000 miles in a year, or somewhat less than 70,000 miles an hour, which is more than 1,000 miles a minute. Here, then, one second carries us the long distance of about 19 miles. The mighty ball thus flies about a mile in the nineteenth part of a second.

Pa's Advantage.

From the Cincinnati Tribune.

Tommy—Do you say your prayers every night?

Jimmy—Yes.

"And does your maw say hers?"

"Yes."

"And does you paw?"

"Naw. Paw don't need to. It's almost daylight when he gets to bed."

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